

THE VOLETTE

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SUBSCRIPTIONS TO VOLETTE TO BE AVAILABLE TO GRADUATING STUDENTS

Subscriptions to the Volette may be obtained by dropping by the office and putting your name on the list. The price for a year's subscription is currently set at a dollar; this includes all mailing charges. It is hoped that many of the graduating class will subscribe with the paper to keep tab on the doings at ole UTJC.

Subscriptions will also be available to those freshmen who do not plan to return, and those who are changing to another school.

We of the Volette staff will appreciate all subscriptions to the paper and will be glad to keep the alumni of '49 informed therein.—Ed.

FREEMAN HALL—TOP TO BOTTOM

We sophomores will always remember Freeman Hall. We'll remember the snake that we found in the upstairs hall—the rooms that were too hot at 7 o'clock at night, icy cold at 5 o'clock in the morning—the coke bottles rolling down the hall, the occasional trash cans that accidentally "fell" down the steps, the "crepe" paper decorations, the water fights in the shower room—the fire drills that in no way fooled Mrs. Freeman, but that we enjoyed so much—the few and far between firecrackers—the eternal alarm clocks bouncing up and down and pulling their hair to wake us up—the washings, eternal necessary drudgery, we did in the bath rooms—the ironings we did during quiet hours and hoped Mrs. Freeman wouldn't come along—the dusty, untidy rooms—the unmade beds—the sewing machine that was always being used when we got ready to sew. We'll always remember—but Will Freshman Hall remember us?

Have we left footprints in the sands? Will it remember the just-at-date-time rushes before formal? The excitement and wonder of a boy's class ring on a girl's finger or the sudden appearance of a new sweater? Has it absorbed in its walls a girl's happiness from a telephone call? Have its floors felt sympathy when a girl's heart is breaking and the tears just will drop down? Did it yawn with us when we got up at 5 o'clock to cram for a Zoo exam? This Freeman Hall has had so much young life it should live forever.

Do you suppose it will remember the parties in Martha and Carolyn's room—sometimes popcorn, mostly chatter, with Wilma, Anne White, Marguerite, Alta, and sometimes Jo and Anne Pope? Will it recall that Jo and Anne Pope would go to bed early, then gripe cause everybody else didn't? I don't think it will forget Marguerite's question, "Could he kiss good?" and Wilma's expressions of amazement or disgust will go down in history. It will remember that Alta studies on her bed with a whole pile of books and that she is usually asleep. One of the impossible things to forget would be the sunshine on Anne White's face when Dugan is here. It couldn't forget the card games in Jane's room with Jane, Wilma, Gloria and Gwen to put Gloria in the trash can. It knows Gwen sleeps at night and studies in the ungodly hours of the morning. Wonder if it wishes Jo would wear a house coat instead of a towel? Don't you know it smiled when a popcorn party gathered in Carrie Gene's room with Hannah doing the popping and Addie Ruth, Betty Milligan, Betty Pease, Edwina and Gradiene waiting for the first batch to be salted and cool enough to eat? It probably sympathized when they gripped about chemistry lab.

Do you suppose its nerves will ever be calm from the "racking" they got because Betty Mills was never on time and just had to run. The clock—poor thing will remember the angry looks we gave it because it said 10:15, but even it doesn't make as much noise as Betty Pease's alarm clock. Sounds like a freight train. The living room remembers with affection, we hope, our affection. We hope it smiles on young love. Young love should be smiled upon and held carefully and tenderly in the palm of your hand so you won't lose a most precious thing. We'll bet it remembers Jane and Ralph on the back sofa and Jo and Gene on Mrs. Freeman's couch, and Snuffy and Gloria, looking cute and not knowing it; Betty and Harold, wishing for their own liv-

ing room; Carolyn and Bob, sometimes laughing, sometimes not, always being "them"; and Martha and Gene sitting in one chair billing and cooing I guess you could call it—and Mrs. Freeman . . .

In so many ways it wouldn't be Freeman Hall without "Lida Bell." She is happy when we are happy. We worry her. We want her to remember us. When she frowns at us we wonder why we don't behave—her frowns are not what we want, but they are of our own making. Of course we gripe, we complain about our mother's rules: Mrs. Freeman is our college mother. Believe me, when she mops our throats she tickles our feet.

Freeman Hall will remember. It can't forget. We'll be back—with new faces and new combinations of ideas—but we'll be back, 'cause girls are girls, and the next bunch will be like us.

It's wonderful to be a graduate with two years of college behind . . . but, gee-whiz . . . how we hate to leave.—Betty Mills

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Volette Hall of Fame Win Gutmann

"We are sending a Pittsfield friend, Winthrop Gutmann, to UTJC and have told him to look you up." Such were the words I was reading in a letter from "Chuck" Platt the first day of registration last fall. About the moment I finished, a tall, husky young man stopped and asked for a card for English 111.

"Name?" I asked. "Winthrop Gutmann," he replied. "Are you Mr. Chenette?"

In such a way did Win and I meet. I decided to help Win get acquainted and asked him home for supper; he accepted willingly, little knowing my plans.

That evening and much of the next few days Win was enjoying "Southern hospitality" (ala North-ernish), helping me fix my back porch, the steps, and other "little jobs." You see, he mentioned somewhat "shyly" (if you know Win, you understand the quotation marks) that he was quite a hand at carpentry and of course I couldn't let such talents go to waste. (And if you know me, you understand that.)

I—and also David Harpole and David Meek became better acquainted with Win on the annual Retreat at Natchez Trace. Somehow a rather philosophical discussion arose in which undoubtedly (for Win) the two Davids and I agreed in our views and so overwhelmed Win's ideas that he was silent from 10 p.m. until 2 a.m. when we relaxed and went to sleep. (Because of my advanced years they kindly let me have the cot nearest the fire, but that's another story.) Anyway, if you know Win you can realize how he must have felt to remain silent for four hours.

Win, poor fellow, was in my English 111 section, and I am still somewhat doubtful that he enjoyed it as much as I. Pittsfield, being a rather lonely Northern outpost of the United States, evidently still uses McGuffey's Reader or something similar; so my expoundings of English grammar often brought a picture of frustrated bewilderment to his anguished countenance. In fact it soon became a question of whether I could finish an example before Win asked a question, whether he could finish the question before I pounced upon him, and whether either of us could finish before the class let out a chorle of amusement.

I have known Win for nine months now and have learned the following facts about him: truthfully I know them very well indeed.

Win is an only child and will soon reach the ripe old age of 21. In high school he went out for all athletics but was especially interested in skiing. In 1942 he was on the team which won the West Massachusetts and New England skiing championships, and in 1943 he was high-scorer on the team winning the Interscholastic championship. During this time he won two trophies and twelve ribbons, divided about equally between firsts and seconds.

Probably his greatest accomplishment as a skier came when he was stationed in Japan in 1946. While there he entered the All-Japan ski championships and won first place. He is working now to be certified as a professional skier and is also writing a book on skiing fundamentals. Knowing Win, I can safely say he will be successful in both.

At UTJC Win has not gone out much for athletics. He did "Win" the shotput in the recent Field Day, demonstrated his prowess with the discus (as reported last issue) and is "quite some shakes" as a badminton player. He is also quite a pinhole player or else lucky—as I once saw him hold eight queens and eight kings in two successive hands. It is therefore with some pleasure that I report he lost two out of two games of ping-pong to a certain teacher of English (nameless, but his initials EMC). Also, some day Win may be a fair softball player

if he can hold on to the ball when runners slide into home and quit counting daisies when on second base (as I may make an umpire, some fans say, if I quit calling balls that roll on the ground, strikes).

Next to asking, Win's number one passion is music. In this line, his enthusiasms are extreme. Put on an album of Beethoven, Mozart, or Mahler (I converted him here) and his rapture is complete—unless someone suggests they sound a bit like Grieg. In such cases, batten down the hatches. Those are "fighting" words in Win's opinion, one I more or less share.

Win has been a charter member of our weekly music club and enjoys it thoroughly, as we do him. Mrs. C., too, finds him most helpful in putting Jon and Eddie to bed, getting them drinks, etc. Only once did his joy in the music drop. Unintentionally (certainly it was, Win) I put on a recording of Carmen, a somewhat jazzed-up version of the opera. Win almost wept at the "unholy desecration" of "his" opera; in fact, it took both Miss Fulton and me to soothe his anguished temper.

Win, I hope, knows this has been all in fun. He has been a hard and willing worker on the Volette and has helped out at anything he has been asked, whether responsible or not. I hope he has enjoyed our association as much as I have. At the moment he is undecided about his plans for next fall. If he listens to me—for once—he will be back again when fall rolls around. Hope to see you then, Win.—EMC

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Attention of the Volette editor:

As a student who forms an occasional opinion concerning our school and the faculty, I should like to address a thought to all of the instructors.

I want to thank all of those instructors who have made their lectures the least bit interesting as well as instructive. And an especially large Orchid to those Profs. who have encouraged the students to express their own opinions and to try to think for themselves.

This is not a name calling letter or any effort to be insulting. It is merely an effort to let some of the instructors know that their lectures are very, very boring and not the least bit original.

I have read of instructors who used fireworks (literally) to attract attention. When mental fatigue due to lack of color in lectures results, the student and the Prof. lose, and the educational process is crippled. Give us fireworks. They are interesting.

Darrell Terrell

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Over A Barrel WITH Darrel Terrel

To me, nonsense has always been more sensible.

Ah, precious memories. Precious because they are something to cling to when all else is lost. It is only in the last week that I have come to realize that I am graduating. Sometimes I think it will be in a barrel instead of over. Just the other day, I was reading a past issue of the Volette, and I came to the conclusion that my column was nothing but corn.

Oh sorrow! Nothing is more detrimental to an artist's ego than knowing the truth about himself. Not even a good grade of corn at that! Why couldn't I have produced a hybrid. Realizing my weakness, I am devoting this column to a very orthodox praising campaign for my alma mater.

The memory of my associations with the instructors will remain like an acid scar on my befuddled subconscious mind. That first English theme which I handed in with such hopes I was sure it could be nothing less than a masterpiece. What a shock when it came back with the measles. Why don't some of the instructors grade with blue pencils. It would at least stir my patriotism.

I can't possibly forget Miss Koontz and her reading of the Congo while beating out the rhythm with her Lana Turner hair-do. (Sigh) I learned to love English.

One of the deeper scars has been left by Mr. Allen. There are nights when I wake from horrible nightmares which are caused by Mr. A. I find myself before an audience of thousands of people. The sea of faces moves, slowly like the rising tide. They turn to me, but I cannot remember what I am supposed to say. Mr. Allen's voice sputters in my ear. Keep contact! Look at their faces, lose contact! Clear, chest out. I lose control. I wake up screaming, "Contact! Contact!" and my friends accuse me of reading too much aeronautical literature.

I have not yet discovered just what I am supposed to do in Psychology. I have a strong suspicion concerning who has the most complexes, however. It's such a thrill to have an instructor who is one minute a male blue jay wooing his lady love and a master hypnotist the next. A droning voice: "You will sleep. You are relaxed." Then suddenly—"Look, I'm a Jay. Spring is here. Flutter, Flutter."

Well, it relieves the boredom, and I realize that everyone can't be in Hollywood.

Mr. Smith has such a bad habit of asking me questions when I am sleeping. It's disturbing. I've lost out on endless dreams, being rudely awakened by, "In what year, Mr. Terrell?"

And who could forget Mr. Chenette with his kind questions which can be answered either way (at which point he pounces and tears your statement to pieces) or his classic observations on such men as Byron. Sometimes I wonder just how much one can learn in a textbook.

After such an ordeal of torture, I turn to music. Music hath charm, they say. But then, Miss Fulton is another teacher who leaves impressions.

"Today, children," (Miss Fulton speaking) "we will study Brahms." The record is poised. Then follows a long, complicated lecture made more interesting by arguments which have little bearing on the subject, plus a few dances which I hesitate to name. Even I can appreciate this side of her humor. I hope everyone realizes by now that this is purely fictional and any reference to actual persons—well, I haven't graduated yet, you know.

Believe it or not, I have actually learned a few things—such as it doesn't pay to study for instance. I have discovered the value of objective tests. Guessing games are right up my alley.

I should not forget to praise the dining hall. Oh the joy of getting up at seven o'clock in the morning in order to get one (two if you want them) of those delicious, tasty, succulent, tempting bits of plastic rubber that they call eggs. It has been inspiring to watch the alert, bright-eyed students devouring their food with a lethargy to rival an understudy of Morpheus himself.

I have learned that libraries have more to offer than books, that most people are basically good when they want to be, and that some women do bite!

These are lessons which some of the seniors have yet to learn; so I consider my career at UTJC a very successful failure. I'm sure that all of the Sophs. will agree that it has been huge fun. Still, I believe that most everyone will be as happy to leave as I am to roll my barrel out.

Farewell, my Alma Mater. Better to lose me today than later; Forgive me for this one small tear, 'Cause I just ate an onion, dear.

And I had such hopes of becoming a poet.

Students Petition

(Continued from page 1)
always come from the state of Tennessee. We here at the Junior College are not asking for favoritism, neither are we asking for discrimination. All we are asking for is the satisfaction of our needs proportionate to the amount of service rendered.

We are at the present burdened by the Wooden Box. It has met its need only as far as mere rooming space. Anyone acquainted with this dorm knows that it is a fire hazard with a grave potential danger.

In the matter of self-liquidation of dormitories, it seems that selling bonds to procure enough revenue to build would require 100% self-liquidation. To pay off an 100% self-liquidation bond issue would make dorm rent so high that students might as well live in hotels.

I think the Student Council for the coming year should make a study of the housing needs and present it to the proper source for consideration. In doing this it would be doing the institution and future students the greatest of service.

Let us not take Governor Brown-ling's answer as final and consider the cause lost, but let us consider his answer worthy of refutation.

DELTA PHI DELTA

Crash!! Bang!! Earthquake?? No, you just heard the freshmen's feelings of inferiority toward the sophomores hit the floor while their feelings hit the ceiling at the sophomore farewell party given to them by the freshmen. Our president for the coming year proved herself capable of the job when she arranged this party and heaped upon each plate food to make some of our tiny girls take fifty extra trips up and down the steps. Sticking to friendly smiles, the Freshman Hall girls replaced our graduating president, Martha Dale, by Billie Henry. After the party was over happy, smiling sophomores stamped, leaving bewildered freshmen with the thought of English 113.

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Places and Personalities In Pictures

A Few of This Year's Highlights in Review



John Yates, Ann Duren, King and Queen of Ag Club Barnwarmin', the year's biggest social.



Ralph and Alexander give their version of an Apache Dance at Veterans' Formal.



ITJC CHORUS COMPLETES FIRST YEAR. Under the able direction of Miss Harriet Fulton, the ITJC chorus has passed its embryonic stage and now has a year's practice under its belt. The chorus's presentation of "Trial by Jury" was acclaimed by students and faculty alike as being one of the year's most entertaining events. We congratulate the chorus and its director, Miss Fulton.



The Jr. Vols as they look when posing. Nothing quite so tame usually.



Plans for school year were made at Natchez Trace Retreat



Mr. Kroll, noted Southern novelist, at work.



Cal'dwell Boden crowns A. J. Martin Queen of Engineers' St. Patrick Day Luncheon



Vets' Hayride in the crisp Fall air of a past, but ne'er to be forgotten year.



Mrs. Davies refreshes after long teaching career, 14 years at ITJC.



The Boys' Basketball Team sits up for the camera, but no "set-up" for Itawamba!



"Snake" Johnson crowns Frances Anderson Queen of Homecoming.



Bettye Mills crowns Jimmy Smith King of the Home Ec Kid Party.

Mr. Chenette . . .

(Continued from page 1)
bouse were wonderful. Chile, roast beef, potato salads, etc., and all I wanted too.

During the course of our acquaintance I have learned many things about Mr. "C" as he is so often called by his friends. For instance, it was a long time after I knew him that I learned he even knew what a clarinet was, but upon inquiry I have learned he won fifty-one medals by playing the clarinet. He studied under the direction of the first clarinet player of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. There was a time, while Mr. Chenette was unmarried, that he lost the final all-Florida horseshoe pitching contest by merely three points.

Although Mr. Chenette is greatly interested in the clarinet, he is, however, very versatile. His interest for music is enthralling. It pleases me to see his interest for the classics, and I have learned many valuable facts about such music by our acquaintance. Mr. Chenette originated the classical music club which has been meeting every Wednesday night at his home. His large collection of music includes everything from Bach to Stravinski and plenty of Tommy Dorsey.

Pinochle is a favorite pastime with the Chenettes. Although Mr. Chenette is very good, he has been beaten. Next to pinochle is the ever-growing popular game of twenty questions. The quiz master, Mr. "C," is very good at stumping the contestants.

Without Mr. Chenette, I doubt if the Volette would appear on time. He is always on the alert to keep the reporters up to date with their articles. I'm always late with mine, but somehow, Mr. Chenette has been very understanding—no doubt his paternal instincts.

Sure Mr. Chenette is a Yankee, but he likes it here in Martin very much. Of course with his new Pontiac he has not been confined to just Martin. A gentle plunge on the gas pedal and he is off—and does that new Pontiac travel nice—WOW!

The "bull sessions" in Mr. Chenette's office are of great value to the constituents of the Volette, out to the by-stander would be very confusing. With Peggy Beaver there to defend the feminine angle and my good friend Darrell on hand to keep everyone amused at passing remarks one would be amazed at some of the conversations overheard.

I think Mr. Chenette's classes are the most interesting classes I have ever participated in. Really and truly I've heard this same opinion from other students—need you more be said? I doubt it, for you will admit he can talk to you about any subject. Not only can he make interesting conversation, but if you were to investigate his statements you would find he is an authority on most subjects. Although he is very modest, I have seen his modesty broken down by a happy smile which he cannot restrain when someone compliments him.

One of his accomplishments is carpentry. He recently has completed a book case, with the help of our worthy editor. He is very handy around the house, but when it comes to something he can't do, a certain person is invited down to help.

If you were to make his acquaintance, I am sure you could not help but let yourself go. His personality, plus his ever-readiness to make friends, makes him one of the best friends I have. Even though we argue, we always part friends. I can hardly wait until we meet in class for some more of these interesting arguments.

by Winthrop Gutmann

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RAMBLING THROUGH REED HALL

The time has come all too soon when we as sophomores have to say goodbye to the college that for two years has been the scene of some of the happiest days that we will ever know. It's time for the last farewell to the chattering lines at chow, to the sighs when it's wieners again, to the shrill voices of alarm clocks at seven o'clock, to the flying to that eight o'clock class with a scarf on to hide those pin curls that you just didn't have time to take down, to the informal gossip sessions that are impartial in their choice of locations, to sharing someone's jubilation over that wonderful phone call and consoling a broken-hearted young lady when he asked for his ring back. Too, for the last time we danced dreamily in a softly lit gym disguised for all practical purposes and it is fast drawing near the time when we'll linger in the doorway for that last goodbye at 10:15, hoping against hope Mrs. Reed wouldn't ring the bell for a few more minutes. This is the way we've learned to appreciate the value of time. We've constantly marveled over how one hour dragged by in class, but how the time from 7:30 to 10:15 flies by on winged feet.

Goodbye too, to the walks over the campus, glorious in its spring-time dress, at evening lit by the twinkling stars and maybe a thin sliver of silvery moon. A pang of sadness too, at parting with that more than special steady who when you were with him made a plain white bench on the public campus green seem to be transformed into a secluded rendezvous second only to paradise. This is only part of what we'll miss, we're even so regretful at leaving that we'll even miss the dry lectures, the rush to get to class, the exhausted feeling at the end of the day, the odd hours of study and Mrs. Reed's rules. In short, we're not ready to let these golden moments of college life slip through our fingers, no, not quite yet, but as you can't stop the endless march of time, in only a little while, we'll graduate and all our wonderful times will become our most very precious nostalgic memories.

Since this is the time of graduation and attention is focused on graduates, we are going to devote our column to our very special sophomores of Reed Hall. We'll try in an informal way to make it a sort of last will or legacy that can be passed on in a mythical way.

As it is hard to make a distinction between our sophomores, suppose we start with the front rooms upstairs and what could be a better beginning, for here resides our favorite Jackie Edwards, and it is most interesting to see what our one and only Jackie will leave to posterity; of course, it's common knowledge that no one could ever take this girl's place, but then there is much that Jackie could bestow on any successor that would greatly enrich her college life. Her sparkling blue eyes and one (mind you, just one) dimple that comes and goes when she smiles would be an asset to anyone's looks, especially if said girl were interested in attracting a red headed gentleman, doubly so if she were a grand sport and had the bubbling personality that Jackie has been so personally endowed with. UTJC's loss in Jackie will be some college's decided gain next fall.

Jackie's roommate, Nancy Rainey, better known as Rainey, is next in line. Sweet, little Rainey with a smile for everyone. Her even temper and gentle disposition would go very nicely on our imaginary list of things we would bestow on next year's Reed Hall girls. Rainey is the lovable type and to know her is truly to love her. A certain adjective of "cuddlesome" has been applied to our Rainey, although we must admit it did not originate with us. Rainey, too, leaves the proof of how cute she looks with her short haircut to anyone who decides to experiment along that line; of course, although I am not sure she'd want to part with it, Rainey has the remarkable gift of completely taming any "Savage."

Right across the hall lives breezy, goodnatured Neely who is everybody's pal. Neely is such a personality on the campus that it is hardly necessary to say anything about her. Neely is all the life and fun and humor of living in a girls' dorm all rolled into one. She knows everyone and is one of those nice people who is friendly to everybody. You know, we may seem to be repetitious, but Neely, gal has a mighty pretty pair of blue eyes too. Any girl would be lucky to be good in any one of the many things that she excels in from athletics down to being a mighty fine date. To anyone desiring a successful, well-rounded life in college, we recommend Joan Neely as a shining example.

Neely's roommate, Evelyn Harris, but always affectionately known by a certain nickname, is

not graduating but we just can't pass her up without at least a mention. She is a mighty cute "little girl" and no description fits her better; also she is quite a wise little person and most of the girls hang on her every word on some subjects; and you can be sure if she is telling anything funny (and most things are that way to her) those brown eyes will be sparkling like stars and if you don't believe brown eyes can sparkle, just notice our Evelyn.

For the best sport in our dorm we say the latter two's next door neighbor, Lenivi Beaver. On top of this quality, Lenivi is the gal who listens to all our woes and cheers us up when we're down and out besides being right on hand whenever she's needed to do anything in the world to help anyone; besides all this, she's fun too and Reed Hall would have been a different place without her.

Proceeding on down the hall we come to the "angels' home" and if you don't believe us, there's a sign on the door that proves it and herein we find Sue Baldrige and Jane Jordan. Sue hails from Dycburg and is planning on big U. T. as her next residence. Sue's outstanding physical attractions are those big, fathomless, mysterious, hazel eyes that the boys find so bewitching. Any girl with an eye to future popularity would do well to take a few lessons from Sue and her eye appeal, not that Sue's appeal stops here by any means, but we have just looked over our writing and decided that it is already long so we are going to have to condense from now on; however, we'll not leave this room without taking notice of Jane Jordan who is indeed something to take notice of. Black hair, green eyes and a fair complexion are a devastating combination atop a whistle bait figure and filled with the personality of Jane, herself, irresistible. Sweet is the best adjective we can think of for Jane. She is sweet looking and she is sweet and anyone knows that's the way to be, so take note, Freshmen, 'cause Jane's gone a long way up here.

Across the hall live Anne Carolyn Ralph and Peggie Beaver and one gift that they could leave to any future occupants of their room is their knack for the most interesting of midnight conversations with an occasional interrup-

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Everyone's awitter over the wonderful new piano which has recently arrived to take its place in the broadcasting studio.

The new Baldwin Grand Piano made its official debut on May 12, when Miss Fulton of the Music Department played the first two movements from Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique over a recent Jr. College broadcast. She also accompanied Mr. Chenette, who gave out with Au Claire De La Luna and Rigoletto Fantasia on the Clarinet.

Many listeners have commented on the beautiful effects in color and tone which the new piano produces. There is no comparison with the instrument which was used formerly.

The piano was manufactured by the Roy Warden Company of Memphis. It has a span of six feet, three inches and is made of solid mahogany. It looks beautiful and sounds beautiful.

This is not official, but it is hoped that within the next year an artist series may be brought to the Jr. College. The Baldwin is waiting and so are we.

tion of a mouse or two, also of value might be their mutual affection for one another and ability to get along so well. Anne Carolyn's ability for attracting steady boyfriends would be of interest to some girls too, but we warn you, you need long golden brown hair, bewitchingly arched eyebrows and voluptuous red lips to help you succeed, topped off by unending energy and a dynamic personality. As it is a well known fact by this time that our Reed Hall reporter is the latter of the two mentioned above, she shall refrain from writing about herself except to say that she wishes every girl could have as good a time as she has had being a member of a certain foursome and as interesting and fascinating a job as her position on the Volette.

Our Memphis Belles, Joy Kerby and Cammiel George, come to our attention next in our mythical trip through Reed Hall. Here we find the majority of the talent of the dorm centered, what with Joy's glorious soprano voice and Cammiel's originality and artistic talents. These two could leave valuable traits along other lines too as a sparkling engagement ring graces Joy's third finger left hand and Cammiel's Sam is always adoringly on hand. Too, there's a couple of mighty swell people.

Next door we enter and find Betty Edwards and Farenne Beecham. Betty is another one of the sweet, lovable young ladies with a smile for everyone. Her attractions don't end here either and we're sure that man of hers would be the first to agree. As we have mentioned, this is also the abode of petite Farenne Beecham whose thinness would be much coveted by some of her larger dormmates. She is also a girl who can maintain a steady correspondence with her man when he is away, which is more than some of us have been able to manage; and letters coed so this goes on our list of invaluable characteristics for anyone who is lucky enough to receive it.

Right across the hall is brown-haired Robbie McClain with the angelic heart-shaped face. So far as looks go, this girl has got something that anyone could wish for; also she has kept that boyfriend from home coming up to see her as regularly as clockwork, and we are sure that many future Reed Hall girls will want to be able to manage this too.

That just about takes in the upstairs; and now we proceed downstairs to seek out our last two graduating sophomores, Maxine Jenkins and Margaret Ann Hudgens. Maxine is the brown-haired young lady with the graceful carriage who is usually seen in the company of Royce Dunn. We think one of the best abilities Maxine could leave for posterity is that one of receiving an orchid for every occasion. Nothing else can so buoy up a gal's morale.

Last but not least, we come to Margaret Ann whose friendly personality and quiet sweetness have been such an asset to our dorm. She is also one of those third finger left hand girls and need we say more. Anyone coming along in the future would do well to take this young lady for a pattern.

And such in very brief are our sophomores. We couldn't do them justice, but then who could because we think they're a pretty wonderful bunch of girls; and the laughs and tears, joys and heartaches that we have shared for two years will be ties that will never be severed though we may be parted. Reluctantly then we bring this column to a close for the last time. It's been a lot of fun, and somehow its ending leaves us with a sad-sweet sense of finality because in reality we are closing forever the record of these particular Reed Hall sophomores. It's something, however, we'll never forget; and we hope, dear reader, that we've given you something to remember too.—Peggy Beaver

Tomorrow And

Tomorrow—Volette Poll

The Volette reporters have been poking around again trying to find out about people's activities. This time we sneaked up on the unsuspecting student body by invading the English classes. Well, I hope everyone was happy to take time out from "slinging the bull" which some, who are sager than I, say is an English student's first duty.

Of the one hundred fifty who complied with our request, ninety-two belonged to the stronger sex (so called). Eighty-nine of the registrants were sophomores. Now that we know who answered the questions, we might make an effort to explain what the poll was all about.

Soon now the lucky sophomores will try their wings of freedom and make tracks as they say in Tennessee. The Freshmen, except those eager-beaver summer students, will get a breathing spell also. No choking chalk or dry classroom lectures—this is not intended to be insulting—just freedom!

Forty-five are continuing school which means that there are still some ambitious people living. Ninety-three students will be working. Thirty-four lucky people will be vacationing.

This probably means "brown-as-a-berry" tans, meeting new friends, visiting relatives, maybe far away places. It all sounds exciting.

One hundred thirty-four of the 150 plan to continue their education. Only eight declare that they definitely will not continue after this quarter.

Seventy-two students are returning to our happy little Jr. College, and 37 are planning on going to big U. T.

Following is a list of the majors:

Ag.	60
Law	6
Engineering	15
Education	22
Medicine	17
Home Ec.	26
Arts	11
Journalism	3
Chemistry	1
Physical Ed.	5
Dentistry	5
Pharmacy	2
Psychology	1
Math.	1
Vet.	1
Medical and Sc. Research	2

After college, what do you intend to do? In all, thirty-five students want to teach. Let's hope they aren't storing up complexes to wreak on our children. Seven girls want to be Home Demonstration agents. Twelve students want to be doctors. Ten students intend to farm.

Forty-one people want to live in Tennessee. Sixty-six others want to live in the good old South. Thirteen hardy souls are going to live in the West. So long, pard! Of course if it's far enough west, it might be California here I come, which doesn't sound too bad. In fact, five people do want to live in California. Six of our students have a fire in their heels and are longing for foreign countries.

If you are bored with this poll already, don't think that the reporter is having an esthetic experience. This edition is supposed to carry the highlights of the year; but as everyone knows, highlights are what people have done, not what they're going to do.

But let's be optimistic and agree that the things to come will be highlights. It may be true that the curtain of darkness holds no terror, but I'm taking my candle along just in case.

Reed Hall Hayriders

Enjoy 'Spoonin' Moon

To end up the Reed Hall socials for the year, the Nu Kappa Nu girls voted unanimously for a hayride, for what activity is more appropriate for a soft spring night. There was the usual argument pro and con concerning refreshments, but barbecue sandwiches, complete with slaw and cokes, were finally agreed upon and a delicious choice they were. For this repast, credit to the refreshment committee—Joan Neely, Jackie Edwards, Charlene Perkins, and Peggie Beaver.

When everything was assembled after much hectic preparation and the trucks were out front, everyone piled in and we mean that literally and after a breezy ride, the girls and their dates arrived at the park in Dresden, the scene of most of our Junior College hayrides. Since it is Spring, it was still light when we got there and remained so up until the time to serve arrived; then darkness descended and due to lack of an electric light, we found ourselves in the dark; this was very well we agree, except for the girls dispensing the barbecue and slaw. It was hard to tell whether one was placing slaw and barbecue between two pieces of bread or two hands, but it all only added to the general merriment. After eating, the crowd around the table disappeared like magic and soon the only sounds were occasional ecstatic sighs now and then as couples enjoyed the

Volette 'Oscars' . . .

(Continued from page 1)
between Jackie Edwards and Marguerite Dial.

The most effective hair style: Jacques Ing, B. G. (before guillotining, that is).

The best-dressed woman: Peggie Beaver; she'd have guillotined us, unless.

The best-groomed man, Howard Ezell.

The most exuberant girl: no choice here but Janice Cude, but if we included the faculty Miss Fulton would be hard to beat.

The most glamorous: the men staff members held out that "there ain't no such animal."

The group with the silliest ideas to fill up space: the Volette staff, or why would we have done this, otherwise.

beauties of the great out-of-doors. Bright stars looked down on the scene and lent just the right amount of romantic enchantment to the atmosphere. It was a fine night to study astronomy if anyone were so minded.

Of course, as every UTJC coed knows too well, ten-fifteen ap-proached before anyone realized it and members of the party began drifting in from here and there and soon were all reassembled in the trucks ready to come back to school; and it was a tired but still happy bunch that arrived back at Reed Hall just on the deadline. Of course, none of this fun would have been possible had it not been for our very nice chaperones, Mrs. Davies, Miss Paulus, Mr. and Mrs. Doran and Mr. Duncan and our grateful thanks goes to them.

We may be partial, but we think our hayride was pretty swell and if Dresden park, that has witnessed so many happy events, could talk, we are sure that it would agree that Reed Hall's hayride was one of the merriest and most enjoyed of all.—Peggie Beaver

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